

# WEEKLY CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

R. W. THOMAS, Editor.

VIRTUE AND INTELLIGENCE THE MEANS—GOOD GOVERNMENT THE END.

J. A. GRANT, Publisher.

VOLUME 8.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1857.

NUMBER 21.

## The Clarksville Chronicle.

Printed Weekly on a double-medium sheet every Friday morning, at

\$2 Per annum, in advance.

### TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

FOR ONE SQUARE OF TWELVE LINES OR LESS.	
One insertion	\$1.00
Two insertions	1.50
Three insertions	2.00
One month	2.50
Two months	\$3.50
Three months	5.00
Six months	9.00
Twelve months	\$15.00

The Clarksville Publishing Company.  
Chartered by the Legislature of Tennessee.

### POETRY.

IT IS NOT LONG TILL MORNING.

BY MRS. E. JESSUP FAMES.

It is not long till morning!  
I heard a pale and patient sufferer say,  
As through the long and lonely hours he lay;  
For night was more familiar far than day,  
To this poor, feeble, sickly child of clay,  
Who waited for the morning!

It is not long till morning!  
Oh! what a lesson of endurance strong;  
Of weakness conquered, pain combated long,  
Of sighs suppressed upon a faltering tongue,  
Spoken these hopeful words, "It is not long,  
Light cometh with the morning!"

It is not long till morning!  
Now the still night has hushed the house to rest,  
And each calm pillow with sleep's poppies blest,  
Holding the slumberer in bright visions best,  
But not for her comes night a welcome guest,  
Dreaming till breaks the morning!

It is not long till morning!  
Not long for three! Upon thy sleep, alas sight  
Must close at last the final day and night;  
Oh! then shall dawn that ever ending light,  
Marking the day spring from on high, all bright,  
In that awakening morning!

### Original Nouvellette

For the Chronicle

## The Bride of an Hour.

By the author of the "Young Colonel," "Lily Dale," "Refugees," etc.

### CHAPTER VII.

THE besotted intellect of George Durand could not comprehend the rather patent designs of his more wary rival, who added to great shrewdness, a total destitution of moral integrity. D'Orville had discovered that Fanny Orme, though fond of his society, was far from being won; and that to ensure his success, he must yet effect two objects. The first was, by some artifice, to snap the last fibre of the cord that bound her to Winters; and the next, was to raise himself yet higher in her estimation, by the performance of some act, which she would construe into so essential a service as to entitle him to the fullest measure of gratitude. The easy credulity of Durand made him a fit agent, and the over-confidence of Fanny furnished the suggestions upon which the plot was based. She had, at intervals, told him enough of the note she had written to Winters to enable him to fashion one to her, which would bear the marks of being genuine.

Accordingly, he wrote the following, which was left at the Postoffice by Durand:

"DEAR FANNY,

I have long resisted the temptation to ask you to grant me one last interview. You have been so kind as to further correspondence with me, and I have been deeply strengthened and believing that you will do me justice, when you know the facts, I entreat you to meet me to-morrow, under the tree, where we have so often met together, and there hear my explanation. If you have heard anything to strengthen your belief of my guilt, it is the testimony of a villain who has been, perhaps, who told you that I was the Masquerader, when the truth is, I have been a victim of public announcement for more than three months. Let me acquit myself, in your opinion, and I am ready to submit to your will.

CHARLES.

To increase the chances of success, the note was directed in a different hand, so that Fanny might have no excuse for not opening it, as she had threatened to do, in the presence of Winters should write to her. And the idea was a shrewd one, for her pride would not have yielded, had she recognized the hand, and the note would have been returned unopened. And when it did arrive, she scanned the superscription, and wondered who it was from, though she had nothing to do but break the seal, in order to gratify her curiosity. The chirography was new to her, but that it was masculine, she could not doubt; and again she wondered who it could be from. At length she broke the seal, looked at the signature, and the note fell from her hand, which trembled visibly, and her cheeks alternately flushed and paled, with the varying emotions of her heart.

One moment, the impulse was to seize, and tear it to pieces; the next, was to see what he dared to write, and thus, for some

time, the struggle was kept up between wounded pride and her woman's curiosity. The letter at last conquered, and, with a palpitating heart, the note was read and re-read, until with closed eyes, she could have seen every word it contained. The memory of other days was vividly recalled, and tear after tear fell unheeded, as she reviewed those brighter scenes in the past, when love and hope imparted to the future their own brilliant hues. Important events in her life, hung upon the issue of the struggle then going on within her; and as curiosity had decided in favor of reading the note, so it ultimately prevailed upon her to grant the interview. And though resolved to go through with it, she was, during the intervening time, strangely agitated; and to reassure herself, she repeatedly asked what she had to fear from a meeting, which would only be one out of many, at the same place, and with the same man.

The time at length arrived, and, by the light of the stars, Fanny, with a beating heart, but light step, hastened to the appointed place—glancing anxiously from side to side, as if fearful of interruption, or of prying observation. Safely arrived upon the spot, she leaned against the body of the tree, breathing quick, and gazing eagerly in the direction whence her lover was to make his appearance. A moment later, and a scarf, tightly drawn, bound her arms securely to her body, whilst another pair of hands dexterously applied a bandage to her lips, which effectually ensured her silence. Thus bound, she was gently lifted and borne to the carriage, into which she was raised, followed by her captors, and rapidly driven to the city, and along its streets until the house was reached, in which she was to be a temporary prisoner.

During the whole time, not a word had been spoken, and it was only when she was ushered into a lighted room, somewhat removed from the street, that she had an opportunity to see her captor—for only one attended her thus far. During the drive, she fancied herself the victim of some lawless wretch who had used the name of Police, and Winters' conferences with Winters as a snare; and D'Orville and Ellen Danvers, are suspicious circumstances, were vaguely associated as actors in the scene. What, then, was her surprise, when she recognized the identical dress in which she believed Winters had appeared to her at the Masquerade! Under the shock, she would have fallen to the floor, but for the support of her attendant. Whilst he sustained her, a gaily dressed woman entered, and, with a significant look and gesture, he resigned Fanny to her care, and disappeared.

The woman removed her bonds, and Fanny sank, exhausted, into a chair, the intensest agony depicted on her countenance, and unrelieved by a single tear. Her companion stood by, calmly admiring the exquisite beauty of her prisoner, though not without feeling rebuked by the spotless purity in whose presence she stood. But ere her scrutiny was finished, Fanny started her by exclaiming:

"Woman, where am I, and why am I here?"

"Ask no questions, Miss," was the reply, "and be content with the knowledge that no harm is intended you; Mr. Winters is a clever gentleman, and felt bound, for your own safety, to remove you, temporarily, beyond the danger that threatens you at home."

"Neither Mr. Winters, nor any one else," said Fanny, with energy, "has a right to confine me here, so let me pass, for go I will; and if you attempt to stop me, I will call for help."

"You must not leave, just now," said the woman, stepping back against the door. "You are in a part of the city with which you are unacquainted, and were you to go upon the street, you could not escape worse usage than you will meet with here. Let me persuade you to be quiet until morning, when your lover will return and satisfy you that he has acted for the best. Here you will pass the night in safety, and everything has been provided that is necessary to your comfort."

And without waiting for a reply, she went out, locking the door on the outside. We will not attempt to describe the feelings of our heroine, when left alone to reflect upon her position, and to imagine what might be the end. Her first suspicions as to the character of the house, in which she was confined, were soon confirmed by the noisy revelry in the rooms below; and with conviction came increased fears for her present safety, and she eagerly examined the door, to see if there were any way to secure it against being opened from without, and felt a partial relief when a bolt yielded to her efforts and sprang

into its socket. But here we must leave her for awhile, and follow Durand to the rooms of the Count, to whom he hastened to report progress, not dreaming that the friend who aided him in the abduction, was the Count himself, who had taken his place.

"Is it done?" Asked the Count, as Durand entered the room.

"Yes, and well done," Was the reply. "She is fully satisfied that Winters is the guilty man, and knows, by this time, into what sort of company she has been thrown. She is a brave girl, Count, delicate and shrinking as she sometimes seems. I expected to witness a fainting scene, but the only symptom she exhibited, was on recognizing my disguise, after entering the room."

"She is indeed a brave girl," said the Count, "and pure and noble and beautiful, and I deeply regret the necessity for such harsh treatment. And suppose after all, Durand, she should know the truth?"

"She can only learn it through you," said Durand, sternly, "and, by heaven, if she find it out, your part in the transaction shall be fully reported to her."

"That report would do you little good against my denial, when you can bring no proof that I was an adviser. But suppose this plot fail, what then?"

"Then I am a ruined man, that's all," said the Count, "and next week, will make me a beggar, unless Fanny consents to marry me; and if this scheme will not bring her to terms, there is no hope." And he groaned in agony, at the prospect, whilst his companion smiled scornfully upon the dupe who dared him to try to win the hand of the lady, upon whose possession he vainly rested a hope of rescue from impending poverty.

"But, to change the subject slightly, Durand—do you know lawyer Jones?"

"Yes! He is the prying busybody to whom I owe my misfortune."

"And do you know that he is on our track, about the Hodges affair? I don't know what discoveries he has made, but his frequent interviews with the Chief of Police, and Winters' conferences with Winters as a snare; and D'Orville and Ellen Danvers, are suspicious circumstances, were vaguely associated as actors in the scene. What, then, was her surprise, when she recognized the identical dress in which she believed Winters had appeared to her at the Masquerade! Under the shock, she would have fallen to the floor, but for the support of her attendant. Whilst he sustained her, a gaily dressed woman entered, and, with a significant look and gesture, he resigned Fanny to her care, and disappeared."

"I am in earnest. And what is more, he says the same evidence will convict me, and upon this information, which I know is reliable, I have made up my mind to leave the city, until I can procure the return of Hodges—you can do as you please. But your case is still worse. Who aided you, to-night?"

"Why, Bill Johnson, of course!"

"No he didn't; for he was here during nearly the whole time of your absence; and said he went to the place of meeting, and found that you had left without him."

"Impossible, Count; I mentioned the subject to no living soul; and you promised to confide it to no one but Johnson."

"And I kept that promise. Then, what is the inference? Why, that spies are dogging our footsteps; and I have no doubt that a city officer was your companion. And if so, what follows? Why, that you stand a fair chance for the Penitentiary, and my situation is critical—for there is no telling how much may be known to Jones' spies. And last they may know too much of both these transactions, I shall leave for a few months."

"And when do you leave?" Asked Durand, who was, by this time, thoroughly alarmed.

"Just as soon as I can make some arrangements necessary in case of protracted absence; and if you will be advised by me, you will lose no time in following my example."

"But I am without the means of support, and have no effects upon which to raise money—for you know I can sell none of the property."

"Your uncle will advance the necessary sum—will he not?"

"No; not a dollar, and nothing less than ten thousand dollars will do—for I shall never return."

"Then, borrow his name for that sum. The remnant of your fortune will repay it, and a little delay will make no difference with him."

"I may as well ask him for the money, as for the use of his name," said Durand, pettishly—"he will let me have neither."

"You need not ask him for his name, because I can sign it, so that he will not know the difference; and if he should, the honor of the family will make him acquiesce."

Durand shook his head, doubtfully, but remained silent. The proposition shocked him slightly, but his case seemed desperate, and he had not the spirit to reject it decidedly. The Count seeing him hesitate filled a blank check, knowing that the victory was won; and after looking at it carefully, Durand put it in his pocket—saying that if nothing else would do, he might try it.

Throughout their interview, the Count had plied him with brandy, slightly drugged, and by the time, he would have thought of retiring, Durand was conveyed to bed, in a state of drunken stupor; and then his host set about making preparations to go out; but for what purpose, will be told in the next chapter.

### CHAPTER VIII.

IT is needless to inform the reader that the most of the story told to Durand, by D'Orville, was a fiction, invented for the purpose of getting him out of the way.—It is true, that Mr. Jones had been untiring in his efforts to unravel the mystery of Hodges' disappearance, and had satisfied himself that the Count was a very suspicious character, and he had taken occasion, more than once, to express that opinion to Fanny Orme; but its effect was the opposite of that intended. As the friend of Winters, she was suspicious of him, and set down whatever he said to the credit, rather than the disparagement of the Count.

Through Fanny, D'Orville had learned the estimation in which he was held by Jones, and upon this fact, had based the statement made to Durand, whilst, in truth, it gave not the slightest uneasiness to himself. But, having made up his mind to marry Fanny, if possible, and not desiring to be reminded, constantly, of his treachery, by the presence of its victim, he had devised the plan, already unfolded, by which he hoped to ensure Durand's flight.

After the interview, as related in the foregoing chapter, the Count ordered his carriage, and drove to the house where Fanny was in "durance vile," resolved to release her at once, and carry her home, before her father should be apprised of his absence, and thus stifle the noise that would be made about it, and prevent the investigation that might follow. His scheme had already given him all the advantages he had a right to expect from it, and to delay its complete consummation, might be productive of mischief.

On entering the house, he was shown to the room which Fanny occupied, and knocking at the door, was promptly challenged by the frightened girl, whose heart beat painfully, when she heard the key turn in the lock. But his well known, and now welcome, voice, in response, produced a happy reaction, and she flew to the door—pushed back the bolt and exclaimed—

"Oh, Count; is it indeed you?" And before he could answer, she continued, in the fulness of joy—"Only deliver me safely from this horrid place, and restore me to my home, and this hand shall be your reward."

"And for such a reward, dearest Fanny," he said, placing his arm around her waist, "what would I not do! But let us hasten away—my carriage is below, and I am eager to perfect my title to the reward by placing you in safety under the shelter of your own roof."

They passed from the house, unquestioned, its inmates well knowing the Count, and his agency in the abduction of the young lady. When they were seated, and fairly under way, the Count resumed:

"I regret exceedingly, dear Fanny, that Winters should have betrayed you to his unworthiness, by a step so outrageous—I had not deemed him quite so base; but dearly shall he account to me for the cruel deed."

"No, Count; you must recall that threat, there must be no bloodshed for me. I have cause enough to wish him punished; but that punishment must be the infliction of his own conscience, and of a public exposure."

"The latter infliction," said the Count, "must be studiously avoided. He can not be exposed, without letting the world know where you were secreted, and however innocent, scandal will seize upon the fact as a pretext for idle stories. I hope, therefore, you will not even let your father in to the secret, for which there is no necessity, since you can quietly enter the house,

from which he will not have missed you." "I believe you are right," she replied, "and so let it be understood. But what security have I against such attempts in future, if this be passed over in silence?"

"I will not be offended, dear Fanny," he said, pressing her hand to his lips, "I will tell you how you can be made entirely secure."

"Why should I be offended, Count?" After the promise I have just made you, it would be strange did I believe you capable of intentional offense—so you may safely proceed."

"For more than a week, past," he resumed, "I have looked upon my situation as hopeless—so utterly so, that on yesterday, I determined to abandon it, and, to-day, entered into an important engagement which requires me to sail for Cuba to-morrow night, and shall be absent more than a month. Now, since you have promised to be mine, I entreat you to fulfil that promise to-morrow evening. I do not ask you to go with me, because the nature of my business will not permit your presence, except at the price of much discomfort; but let me leave you as my wife, and you will be safe, and I shall be supremely happy."

This proposal startled Fanny exceedingly, and she combated it with much earnestness; but the ingenuity and ready invention of the Count removed one objection after another, and raised up so many bugbears to frighten her into compliance, that she finally consented, provided her father did not object. With this understanding, they parted—he attempting a more affectionate good night, than she was disposed to grant.

On reaching her chamber, Fanny gave vent to the first tears she had shed during the evening, and after composing herself, she sat down to think calmly about her position, which seemed more like a dream than reality. And the first question she asked herself, was whether she loved the Count. Her heart answered not. But sophistry whispered that the high regard she had for him, would ultimately ripen into love; and pride counseled her to show a fitting resentment of the conduct of Winters, and to punish him by placing an impassable barrier between them. The result of her deliberation was, that she would lay the subject before her father, early in the morning, and act precisely as he might advise.

The Count, meantime returned home, rejoicing at his success, and fully believing that there was no obstacle to his happiness and prosperity, provided he was successful in the business, of which he had spoken to Fanny—which was no other than a last interview with the pirates, when he intended to surrender to them the vessel and its contents, on condition that his association with them was never to be divulged. This being done, he hoped to return to the city, to live in splendor, and within the bounds of decent morality. The more effectually to do this, he was also resolved to procure the return of Hodges, and, if necessary, to fasten the sole guilt of his abduction upon Durand, who, he believed, would never again be visible in the city.

And, by the way, let us see what had become of the pirate vessel, which the Count expected so soon to see at anchor in its appointed place. We left it, a chapter or two back, preparing to sail before the breeze that succeeded the irksome calm. But that same breeze had first filled the sails of an American brig which was in search of the rover; and before the pirates could spread all their sails, the said brig was cleaving its way with fair speed, and bearing down, in full view, upon them. The alarm was given, and every muscle strained to avoid the impending danger. Could they catch the full weight of the breeze, before the brig came within the range of its guns, the pirates knew they were safe—they had the speed; but their enemy kept such even pace with the light wind on the whole that their fate depended, that escape seemed almost impossible, and the deepest anxiety was felt by the desperate crew.

At length the swelling of the canvases, and the rippling of the water before the prow, proclaimed that the vessel was in motion, and a hearty cheer from the whole crew announced their joy at the prospect of a speedy deliverance from their dangerous companion. But that joy was short lived. The skillful gunners on board the brig, were at their post, and so soon as the cheer from the rover was heard, the match was applied, and a well directed ball shivered the main mast of the pirate, and it fell with a crash that carried dismay to the hearts of the hardened wretches, who had so long been a terror to peaceful mariners. The

brig, having the full benefit of the breeze, then brought her guns to bear, and delivered a broadside that literally swept the deck of the pirate, which kept up a brisk fire, but with little effect. And seeing that escape was hopeless by sailing, and that an attempt to board the brig, would be madness, the commander ordered the crew to take to the boats and pull for shoal water.

The order was promptly obeyed, by all who were alive and not disabled, except two; but this attempt to escape was a failure.—The brig was now so near, as to be able to bring the guns to bear with fatal certainty; and the two boats, though driven forward with desperate energy, were soon seen to sink, and the crews, after a short struggle with the waves, were buried beneath them. The victorious commander then bore up to the side of his disabled enemy, on whose deck, a white flag was seen waving in the bright moonlight. The Lieutenant, followed by some half dozen sailors, boarded the pirate, and ordered the two men, who stood on deck, to be ironed.

"Not so fast, sir!" Said Hodges, in reply to the order. "We are not pirates, but prisoners; and, if I mistake not, Mr. Williams, you will recognise me, on a closer scrutiny."

"Why, Hodges, in the devil's name what are you doing here? I am glad to see you, however," said the Lieutenant, shaking him heartily, by the hand. "And your companion, Hodges?"

"Is Mr. Gilbert," said Hodges, introducing him; and, like myself, a prisoner."

The Captain just then came on board, and was introduced to the two prisoners, whom he scanned narrowly, and after giving orders for the disposition of the wounded pirates, and for towing the ship into the port of Havana, from which they were not far distant, he invited Hodges and Gilbert on board the brig, where, he said, he would hear what they had to say for themselves.—But as the reader is sufficiently familiar with the facts connected with their detention on board the rover, we shall not repeat their conversation with the Captain. Suffice it to say, it was agreed that they should take passage on the first vessel bound for New Orleans.

Thus was the wish of the Count, that Hodges might reappear, in a fair way to be gratified. He desired his return that the researches of lawyer Jones might be terminated—not dreaming that Hodges had become acquainted with the fact, that the Count himself was the chief of the pirate crew, and that to him he owed his long captivity. But, leaving Hodges to take care of himself, we resume our narrative, at the point where it was interrupted by this inquiry into the fate of the rover.

Fanny, not only encouraged, but strongly urged by her father to marry the Count, at the time appointed, spent a busy day, in such preparations as the short notice allowed her to attempt. But, busy as she was, she dwelt with painful anxiety, upon the important step she was about to take.—Turn where she might, the noble form and handsome face of Winters was visible to her mind's eye, and he seemed to gaze upon her more in sorrow than in anger, and as vain were her efforts to shut out this vision, as to keep back the tears which often blinded her, and which she as often wiped away, with a determination to conquer the weakness. She argued that she had gone too far to recede, and, to give her the courage to meet firmly the approaching hour of trial, she recalled all that Winters had done to forfeit her confidence, and to justify her breach of promise. She remembered the joy expressed by her father, on learning her decision, and dwelt upon the splendor of an alliance, which so many of her sex would envy, and from which she had a right to expect contentment, if not that exquisite happiness that attends a union of hearts, as well as of hands. In these efforts to bury the memories of the past, and to gild the uncertain future, the day passed off, and the deepening twilight hastened the arrival of the few guests, who were to be present as witnesses, rather than as participants of the festivities usual on such occasions.

The announcement of the first arrival, so completely unnerved our heroine, that she threw herself upon the bed and wept bitterly, until the voice of her father was heard, admonishing to be quick. The self-satisfaction that his tones betrayed, grated harshly upon Fanny's nerves; but she summoned to her aid, all her pride and self-control, and with a calmness that surprised herself, she summoned her maid, and completed her simple—and therefore the more beautiful—toilet. This done, she announced that she was ready.

Unattended by bridesmaids, she met the

bride at the foot of the staircase, and by him, was led into the parlor, where stood the Minister prepared to perform the solemn ceremony. She looked neither to the right nor the left, as she advanced to the centre of the room, where she stood, her face as white, and features almost as rigid as marble. Yet she showed no outward signs of agitation—seeming, indeed, not to be conscious of what was going on. She was silent, when she should have responded; and it was only at the close of the ceremony, when friends gathered round to congratulate her, that she evinced a consciousness of her position—then she glanced hurriedly around, and sang, faintly, to the floor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Bakery and Eating House.

G. A. ROTH, & CO.

The undersigned have taken the House recently occupied by Well & Brother, on the West side of the Public square, and have commenced a general Baking and confectionary business. They are prepared to take orders for all descriptions of Baking, and will furnish Cake, or Bread of all kinds on the shortest notice.

They also keep constantly on hand a large assortment of—  
IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC CIGARS,  
CHEWING TOBACCO, CORDIALS OF ALL KINDS,  
CATAWBA AND CHAMPAGNE WINE AND  
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC LIQUORS.

LAGER BEER AND ALE,  
Which will be sold wholesale or retail upon the lowest terms.

They have connected with their establishment a first class eating House, where warm or cold meals can be obtained at any hour.  
All kinds of country Provisions, such as Eggs, Butter, Lard, Potatoes, &c., kept constantly on hand and for sale at market prices.

Feb. 27, 1857.

G. A. ROTH & CO.

## CHRISTIAN COUNTY LAND FOR SALE.

On Tuesday the 7th of April next, I will sell my farm, to the highest bidder, on the premises, on the following terms: One third down, when I give possession; one third in 12 months, and one third in 2 years, with all on the last until the third payment is made. The land lies three miles East of the Grove, about 14 miles from Hopkinsville, and about 10 miles from Tides Landing, on the Cumberland River. This farm contains 400 acres, is a fine state of cultivation, with about 250 acres of cleared land, with fine improvements—a fine, new trap dwelling, with a good room, 3 good negro cabins, with brick chimneys, with a new falling mill of water, and a excellent barns on the premises, and 3 fine horses, with all other necessary outbuildings. Those wishing to purchase would do well to come and examine the premises before the day of sale.

Z. H. POOR.

Feb. 27, 1857—14,  
J. P. ELLIOT, Attorney, and Hop. Patriot, copy till day of sale, and forward account to me at Oak Grove, Christian Co., Ky.

S. B. MORGAN, J. C. CHENEY, J. ST. C. M. MORGAN,  
SPRING IMPORTATIONS.

## Morgan & Co.

No. 49, Public Square, NASHVILLE, TENN.  
WE are now receiving and opening our usual Spring purchases, which will be ready for inspection by the 25th inst. and at which time we will display a more complete assortment of Dry Goods than we have ever done at any season heretofore. Our stock will embrace all the latest styles of Domestic & Foreign Staple & Fancy Goods, and to it will be added all the novelties, as they appear in the Eastern cities. In addition to the large and generally assorted stock we have in the habit of keeping, we have added to it the styles and grades of Ready-made Clothing. We shall be pleased to exhibit our assortment to our old friends and the trade generally, as we feel confident that from our long experience and the advantages we possess, we are able to offer inducements to all.

MORGAN & CO.

Nashville, Feb. 23, '57—14

To my old Friends and Customers.  
I would say that I have adopted the rule to sell for cash strictly, and I have done it because I believe my interests demand it, and that it will advance the interests of those who patronize me. I have sent circulars to most of my old customers and friends, and I will do my utmost to sell them genuine drugstore reasonable prices for cash. I have never tried to sell to any but my own customers, and now if I have their patronage I shall try to sell at such prices as will be satisfactory. I sincerely thank them for the many instances of kindness and confidence extended to me in the past, and if they will give me a fair trial in the present year, I will endeavor to show them that I have tried my utmost to serve them faithfully.

Respectfully, R. W. THOMAS,  
under the style of Thomas & Bros.  
Jan. 16, '57—14

## Sale of Rail Road Bonds.

On Monday, the 13th of April, will be sold to the highest bidder, about 30 Bonds of \$1,000 each, of the County of Montgomery and City of Clarksville, in front of the Rail Road office in Clarksville; terms, 25 cash, balance 30, 60 and 90 days. These Bonds will be valuable to buy up for paying out County or City Taxes. The Bonds are put on the market at home to meet the current expenses of work, payable in monthly installments—we have some 300 to 400 men at work, and must again and again forward the Road, and cannot wait the sale of our Bonds now on another market. We ask the aid of our friends to assist us to make a safe and profitable investment in the Road. By order of the Board.

March 20, '57—14

W. B. MUNFORD, Pres't.

## VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell, at Auction, on Friday, April 2nd, 1857, about  
100 ACRES OF LAND,  
lying on the Clark and Port Royal Turnpike about a mile and a quarter from town, opposite the residence of Mr. Wm. F. East. It will be sold in lots of five to twenty acres.  
TERMS.—One third, note payable in Bank, at six months, balance in four equal payments, viz: First of October, 1857; Second, 1st of October, 1858; Third, 1st of October, 1859; Fourth, 1st of October, 1860; with interest from sale.  
C. H. SMITH,  
S. B. SEAT.